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WASHTENAW IMPRESSIONS

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Modus Operandi of a City Historian --- --- --- --- Louis L. White

Pioneering in Forestry at Michigan --- --- --- --- Leigh J. Young

Ann Arbor's Best Seller - Dr. Chase's RECIPE BOOK --- Lela Duff

Memories --- --- --- --- --- --- --- --- --- --- --- Katherine Groomes

MODUS OPERANDI OF A CITY HISTORIAN

by Louis S. White

A talk delivered before the Washtenaw
Historical Society, November 10, 1959.

I have heard "by the grape-vine" that I am substituting for President Hatcher on the Society's program this evening. This should earn me an honorary Ph.D.,- not Doctor of Philosophy, but Doctor of Philanthropy.

You will notice that my title promises to give you the modus operandi of a city historian. But my talk will include besides the modus, or manner, something of the mechanics of my performance as City Historian of Ypsilanti.

It has been said that he who has no respect for his ancestors need expect no respect from his descendents. This brings us to the subject of genealogy ("geenealogy" as I used to call it until a lady in Grand Rapids set me straight. She bluntly refused to go on with our discussion unless I would pronounce that word correctly.) Genealogy is, of course, an integral part of my work. Upon it is based an accumulation of about 30,000 cards containing genealogical and biographical data on early families in the entire county except Ann Arbor. I have with me here about 1000 beginning with the letter "A".

Another important branch of my work as I have pursued it is photography. Please understand as I discuss this subject with you that I speak only as an amateur. The study and application of the scientific rules of photography do not interest me. Mine has been, mostly, the cut and try system, and has resulted in about 2000 of what I, at least, call good $2\frac{1}{4}$ by $3\frac{1}{4}$ copy negatives.

My system has been, in forming a collection of early photographs, to first solicit gifts of pictures. Failing in that, I borrowed what I could and copied them photographically.

In my experience, I have found five general types of pictures: daguerreotypes, ambrotypes, "cartes-de-visite," tintypes, and "cabinet" size photos. Three of these (daguerreotypes, ambrotypes, and tintypes) required a sitting for each portrait and were not, in themselves, reproducible.

The Daguerreotype

This form of photography was invented by Louis J. Daguerre, a citizen of France, about January, 1839. It consisted of a sensitized piece of copper, which held the image, and a piece of protecting glass, all enclosed in a suitable case. The formula used by M. Daguerre was published in a New York newspaper on September 20, 1839, and a week later Mr. D. W. Seager made the first daguerreotype in the United States. Samuel F.B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, also became interested in this form of picture production and made many improvements in it.

The Ambrotype

This kind of early photograph was first known as "a daguerreotype on glass." The picture was projected on glass instead of on metal, and was covered by another piece of glass for protection. There was freedom from the glare of the daguerreotype. It was first used about 1854.

The Ferrograph or Tintype

This form came into use in February, 1856, and, of course, continued to some extent well into the present century. It has been used in a great variety of sizes from that of a nickel to almost any desired size. The card-size tintype was popular with Civil War soldiers as it withstood the vicissitudes of campaigning and fitted well into an envelope. The metal used is really not tin but japanned sheet iron.

The "Carte de visite" or Visiting Card

This little photograph originated in France in 1857, when the Duke of Parma ordered his photographer to make photographs the size of calling cards and mount them on his cards. The fad spread to London and then to the United States. New York photographers started advertising them early in 1960. At first visitors would leave one on a tray, then a basket became necessary, but still the number grew: hence the family album. Soon nearly every family acquired an album, and they appeared in many sizes and fancy designs.

The card photos are very interesting, and, if one had time and the inclination, could be an absorbing hobby. Their popularity with the soldiers of the Civil War and the quantity still in existence make it possible to accumulate what could be a whole regiment with varying ranks and uniforms. Also, there is the U.S. revenue stamp on the back, which was required by law between Sept. 1, 1864 and Aug. 1. 1866.

The "Cabinet" Size Photo

The "Visiting Card" became so plentiful that it began to lose its popularity. All the albums were full of them and everybody had exchanged with everybody. Since their introduction in 1861, they had had an immense run.

The introduction of a new size eventually gave the portrait artist greater opportunity to overcome the flaws inherent in the small card size. Retouching became possible and thus better pictures. Facial wrinkles could be removed, the hair smoothed, and a greater variety of color tones could be achieved. The card size, however, was retained to some extent, and thus we find albums which would accommodate both the card size and the cabinet size.

Albums

The first U.S. patent on albums was issued in May, 1861. In the album, each leaf was provided with recessed pockets, each of which had a slot through which the photo could be inserted or removed, and photographs placed back to back. Some albums were elaborately ornate, others plain. The price range was from five to forty dollars.

If you care to go more deeply into the history of photography, I would recommend Photography and the American Scene, by Robert Taft, Professor of Chemistry, University of Kansas (New York: The Macmillan Co., 1938).

Personal Experiences

In all the years that I have been pursuing my investigations I have met with only two rebuffs, both of which were wholly unexpected and probably caused by some peculiarity of the situation or the individual which I had no way of understanding. It has always been my practice to approach the person to be interviewed for the first time through an intermediary. For the most part I have been received cordially, and I have had many, many interesting and rewarding conversations.

A unique experience on one such occasion was the discovery of the surgical set of Dr. Calvin Filmore Ashley, a cousin of President Filmore. Among other things it contained a bone saw and a small leather pad filled with sand for the patient to bite on during the amputation. The set was presented to me by Mrs. Rachel Tuttle, then in her late eighties and since deceased.

One of the most fertile sources of information for the genealogist is the old country cemetery, and many a happy and profitable Sunday afternoon throughout the years have I spent poking about among the gravestones and scraping moss from old inscriptions on them.

I will list here the Washtenaw cemeteries that I have visited and studied thoroughly.

Washtenaw Cemeteries

Spencer
Highland
Union (3 miles west of Saline on Manchester Rd.)
Superior Township
Hudson (Dexter Twp.)
Mathews Private (near 4715 Joy Rd., Northfield Twp.)
Salem-Walker (Salem Twp.)
Brookville (Salem Twp.)
Worden (" ")
Lodi
Childs (east of Whittaker - look out for poison ivy!)
Cherry Hill
Botsford (A.A. Twp.)
Udell (Ypsilanti Twp.)
Denton
Sheldon
Stoney Creek (Presbyterian & Methodist)
Original Alban (in field)
Alban Quaker
Pray (Superior Twp.)
Dixboro
Raleighville (Monroe Co. near Oakville)
French or County Line (4 mi. east of Milan)
Redman (Spalding; Milan Twp.)
Mooreville
York (York Twp.; a curious gravestone contains a portrait of "Caroline J. Coe, wife of Albert Coe, d. 9-8-1870 ae 20-8-5")
Judd (York Cem. - Le Baron)
Cook Private (York Cem.)
Soop (Van Buren Twp.)
Scio
Webster (Isaac Freeland Bumpus, d. 3-11-1858 Sacremento)
Crittenden (near State Hospital. Now a school yard. In 1931 there were two stones left: Josiah Snow d. 7-18-1856 ae 76 and wife Sarah d. 2-28-1849 ae 47)

Equipment

The fundamental item in my own equipment consists of an understanding, charitable, and long suffering wife, who long ago decided that it would be better to humor me than to try to make something of me. However, the result has not been spectacular.

The mechanical equipment consists of two four-drawer letter size filing cabinets, one seven-drawer card cabinet, one typewriter for use by the hunt and peck system, one desk, two tables, and four cheap book cabinets. And oh yes, four chairs.

Over the years, I have accumulated 23 albums which contain several hundred different-size identified photos of early settlers; some 50 ot 60 daguerreotypes and ambrotypes, and numerous tintypes. In addition there is one drawer full of unidentified pictures: this I call my morgue.

It is pitiful, in a sense, that so many families have unidentified likenesses of their ancestors. It is beyond understanding for me. It has been my policy, over the years, as I have inspected albums in different homes, to persuade folks to identify their pictures, if possible. Surely someone in each family can help.

I have three cameras: one large 5" x 7" view camera, one $2\frac{1}{2}$" x $3\frac{1}{2}$" camera used largely for copy work, and one small camera which I usually carry in my hip pocket. I have gotten away from 35 mm cameras because I find that roll films are a nuisance to file.

I also possess various miscellaneous treasures: a chronological index of events from 1818 to date - incomplete;
a list showing names and locations of 50 county sawmills as indicated on the 1843 Pettibone map, and the locations of 87 schoolhouses from the same source;
about 15 bundles of material stored in the cold attic of our City Hall. (Maybe when Miss Spear gets around to build a new library, there will be a suitable place to display things.)

To attempt to name my many benefactors down through the years would but be to do an injustice to some who might be inadvertently omitted. Suffice it to say that many, many kind folks have helped me, not only with gifts of material but with friendly advice and suggestions.

I receive about a dozen calls a week for information of various kinds. Some of these I can answer and others I cannot. My greatest trouble is with people who want an answer right now, or in a couple of hours. Some of the questions require several days of intensive search in order to come up with the suitable answer. After all, it is impossible for one person to record completely the day to day happenings of 140 years, try as I do.

Please do not think I am complaining! It has been a lot of fun and I have enjoyed every minute of it. The constant train of new problems has kept me on my toes mentally, especially since my retirement two years ago.

When I started this work, the Common Council allowed me an average of $300 a year for several years. This gradually diminished to zero, and during the last several years nothing has been forthcoming.

In July, 1958, the Ypsilanti Foundation, a non-profit private organization interested in bettering the community, granted me $200. This is now exhausted and I am about to submit a statement detailing the amounts spent and the purposes. To that organization I wish to express my deep appreciation.

A few years ago a very estimable lady graciously dubbed me "Professor White." Since then I have been called "Doctor," and just the other day a newspaper applied a "Noted." I deny all these accusations! I am just plain "Mister."

PIONEERING IN FORESTRY AT MICHIGAN

A paper delivered before the Washtenaw Historical Society at its February meeting, 1960, by Professor Emeritus Leigh J. Young.

In 1881 the first course in forestry was offered at the University. This was given by the Professor of Botany in the School of Political Science in the Department of Literature, Science and the Arts. It ran for four years. Then the School of Political Science was dropped and the course in forestry along with it. But this course is rather generally accepted as being the first formal course in forestry to be given in this country for credit. There had been lectures here and there, but this was the first real course. 1881. That's quite a way back and you might raise the question as to why was anybody interested in forestry in 1881. As a matter of fact, quite a good many people were. They were becoming very much concerned about the rate at which timber was being removed in this state and about the fires that followed the removal, and they were beginning to think and to talk, and some of them were familiar with European forests and wondered why we couldn't do something like that over here. That was a nice dream. At any rate there was the start. The Professor of Botany at that time was Volney M. Spalding. He was the sparkplug.

To give you some idea as to the rate at which the timber was being removed, there were 80 mills in the Saginaw Valley alone, all cutting pine. They logged in the winter, dumped the logs in the rivers in the spring, these went down the rivers to the mills, and were sawed in the summer. At the end of the summer sawing season, there was a continuous pile of lumber all the way from Saginaw to Bay City along the Saginaw River, 20 miles. I don't know how high it was piled - just piled along that river for the 20 miles, just in that one place. In the winter of 1882, the total cut in Michigan was almost 5 billion board feet, all pine. Five billion board feet! Just for fun, I figured out one time how much of a train it would take to haul that amount of lumber in ordinary box cars, if you hauled it all at one time. It came out over 1500 miles long. I didn't believe it, so I figured it again. It still came out the same train.

Another thing that will show the rate at which cutting was going on was that pine logging on any scale at all in the Lower Peninsula was all done in 1895, 14 years after Spalding started his course. It lasted 10 years longer in the Upper Peninsula. Large scale logging of hardwoods in the Lower Peninsula was all done by 1910. They just picked up the odds and ends after that. The slash fires that followed the cutting, some years, ran as high as 2 million acres. There was one year when there was a continuous

series of fires clear across the upper end of the Lower Peninsula from Lake Michigan to Lake Huron. I came to Ann Arbor in 1907 - quite a long time after this - and whenever the wind got in the north in the fall the smoke was so thick in Ann Arbor that you could see it blowing by the street lights at night, you could smell it the first thing in the morning. You couldn't travel from Ann Arbor to the Straits of Mackinac at any time during the summer without seeing the smoke of several fires along the way. Compare that to our fire situation today, and you realize we've made some progress. That was one reason why people were concerned, and the fires were repeated on many of the same areas. To make it still worse, most of the pine, particularly the white pine, was in mixture with hardwoods and hemlock. When the pine slash burned, it killed the associated species. It also killed any chances of pine reproduction, except that of jack pine, so that the timber cover was pretty thoroughly destroyed, by the cutting and fire.

Spalding's interest in forestry went beyond his instructional activities. In 1882, he attended the first American Forestry Congress at Cincinnati and gave a paper on the forests of Michigan. As a result of that, he was appointed a member of the Committee on Forestry Education. He was also at that time cooperating with the old Division of Forestry in the Department of Agriculture, in making phenological and meteorological studies in this vicinity and keeping records. In 1886, he finished the first draft of his famous monograph on the White Pine, which was published in 1899 by the government as Bulletin 22. This was one of our few text books in the old days. Then he started an investigation into the characteristics of the important eastern conifers and the technical qualities of their wood. This was carried out in cooperation with the old Division of Forestry in the Department of Agriculture and the start had been planned for late 1887. Prior to this, some preliminary work was being done by several students under Spalding's direction.

In 1888 this work, particularly on the wood structure of the conifers, was turned over completely to a man named Filibert Roth who at that time was a student at the University. He had a part-time curator's job in the University Museum and seemed to be qualified for this type of work. This is important, because it was the beginning of research in wood technology, not only at the University, but in the Department of Agriculture. After he graduated, he continued his work in timber physics, as it was known at that time, in Ann Arbor, in cooperation with the Division of Forestry until 1893. Then he went to Washington and was put in charge of the work there.

After Roth left Ann Arbor, any forestry activity apparently was in abeyance until 1898. At that time Spalding comes into the picture again by asking the Regents to appoint a committee of three men from the University to confer with a similar committee from Michigan Agricultural College, as it was known then, as to the best method of advancing forestry in the State. One result of this joint committee was that an Act was passed by the Legislature in 1899 providing for what was known as a permanent Forestry Commission. The members were appointed by the Governor and were prominent men who were interested in forestry and the future of the State.

In 1900, December of 1900, the Regents requested Spalding and Garfield to address them on the possibility of reforesting the waste lands of the State. Charles W. Garfield, was another one of the men who were very active in the support of forestry in the State in the early days, a business man in Grand Rapids.

In January 1901, in his message to the Legislature, Governor Pingree advocated the participation of the University in solving the State's forest problems. Some people even made suggestions that all of the tax reverted, cut-over lands, should be deeded to the University for reforesting. Spalding preached continuously that it was the duty of institutions that were receiving public funds to do all that they could to work in the direction of solving this matter of forest destruction and the replacement of the forest resource. So in June 1901, the Regents voted to establish courses in forestry. They didn't get reckless at all. They hired one instructor to work under Spalding. The man that was appointed was Charles A. Davis, who was a professor of Geology and Biology at Alma College at the time. He was appointed in July and was given leave for the rest of the year to go to Europe and make a study of forestry there. Actual instruction began in the year 1902-03 by offering six courses, all to be taught by Davis, in three subjects-dendrology, forest mensuration and silviculture. These were the beginning. Five students enrolled. In March 1903 the Regents decided to expand the work in forestry still further and appointed Filibert Roth as Professor of Forestry to direct it. Now they had two men, Roth and Davis.

After leaving Ann Arbor, Roth went to Washington and, while working on timber physics, carried on a study of all the available forestry literature under the supervision of B.E. Fernow. Most of you have heard of Fernow, who was one of the big men in forestry in the early days. As a result of his studies, he was able to secure an appointment, as Assistant Professor of Forestry, in the New York State College of forestry at Cornell in 1898 under Fernow, who was head of the department. But in 1901 he returned to Washington for a few months in the Division of Forestry in the Department of Agriculture. Late in the fall of that year, he was appointed Chief of the Division of Forestry in the Department of the Interior. You have to realize that we had two Divisions of Forestry, one in the Department of Agriculture that had no supervision over any forests, but was investigative and educational; the Division of Forestry in the Department of the Interior was the one that administered the old forestry reserves. So when he became chief of this Division of Forestry in the Department of the Interior, he was in charge of these forest reserves. And that gave him a chance to acquire a familiarity with forestry conditions in the West, which was very useful to him later on in his teaching. Another thing that was useful to him was the hard knocks he had got as a young fellow when he drove cattle up the old Chisholm Trail from Texas to Montana and herded sheep up there. He also worked in saw mills and on logging jobs and all kinds of things which gave him a whole lot of practical knowledge that was useful to pass on to us.

His appointment to Michigan was a very fortunate one, as he was really the man for the job at that time, because he had a dynamic personality, was a forceful speaker, was a whirlwind at work,

and an indefatigable worker - to use a good word. He had great enthusiasm for his profession, and in his efforts to stem the tide of a crusader. When you heard him say de-vas-tation, it brought up immediately the picture of something horrendous, it was terrible, he gave it to you with plenty of emphasis. As a teacher he was hard to match. And in some way he was able to imbue a great many of his students with his own spirit and enthusiasm to the extent that Michigan men, for the most part, wherever they went, were recognized as outstanding in the profession. The school had its reputation fixed for it right there.

Another thing was that his students very soon came to recognize that he was a man with a heart. He was kindly, sympathetic, always ready to help in any way he possibly could. As a result of that, they gave him the title of Daddy Roth. It really was a title! But in spite of his kindly ways and friendliness he wasn't easy or soft. If anybody strayed off the path they found out about it very soon with emphasis! I recall one time that he showed that "pleasant" disposition. The State Forester from Ohio came up here looking for men to work during the next summer. Some of our Seniors had already signed up for jobs with the Forest Service in the West. Well, the Ohio job paid a little bit better money and it didn't cost so much to get down there on the job and back to Ann Arbor, so they jumped the Forest Service jobs and took those in Ohio. Daddy heard about it. The next morning before his Management class they heard about it, and if I ever heard anybody really "chew out" language, he did it that morning, and some of the rest of us felt pretty good that we weren't in their shoes. The one cardinal sin in his book was laziness. He'd forgive almost anything in a student except that. If he once got the idea the boy wasn't working, he was done. No fooling. I knew several men who never tried to get into the Forest Service; Roth had had a heart-to-heart talk with them, and they knew where they stood. That was that. He really lived up to his code.

This was the man who was to dominate Forestry in the State for about the next 20 years, and in addition to that, he played a very important role in National Forestry as well. During the first year of the new set-up at the University, Davis was almost lost as an instructor, because of some financial difficulties; apparently the Legislature wasn't too generous in those days either; and he was saved by a contribution from the Forestry Commission. At that time Roth was Forest Warden for the Forestry Commission. He had charge of the new state forests around Houghton and Higgins Lakes, and it turned out a good many years later that the contribution made to Davis was from his salary as Forest Warden.

The men who were most interested in this new forestry department of two instructors were President Angell, Regents Hill, Barbour, Lawton, Butterfield, Farr and Dean. Out of that list, we remember Hill more, of course, because of his gift to us of the Saginaw Forest area and Hill Auditorium. Arthur Hill himself was a white pine logger in Saginaw. The Regents at that time were very strongly imbued with the idea that the policy of the new forestry department should be not only instructional but that they should do everything that they could to gather information as to the situation in the

state, pass it on to the people and try to build up a public opinion that would be favorable to forestry.

With the establishment of this department of forestry in the Department of Literature, Science and the Arts, professional training in forestry at the University really began; and the program was set up which led to the degree of Master of Science in Forestry at the end of two years, or one year, if you were able to start your forestry courses in your Senior year.

In 1905, Davis quit the forestry department to become Curator of the Botanical Herbarium in the Museum, and Walter Mulford was brought here from Connecticut to take his place. In 1909, a third man was added by the name of Cary LeRoy Hill. He was brought in from the Forest Service, District 2, Denver, but in 1911 Mulford left here to reestablish the work in forestry at Cornell. They'd had some political troubles in that state and the work had been dropped; it had been started in 1898, revived in 1911. In January 1912 the Detroit papers came out with the announcement that Roth was resigning and also going to Cornell. And that created some consternation among the students here, the alumni and all of the various interested groups throughout the state who had been behind the forestry movement. It was bad. Apparently pressure was exerted in various places, so that the Regents in April of that year prevailed upon Daddy Roth to remain at Michigan by promises of improved support of the department in the way of more men, more equipment, more money for operation. And that crisis was passed.

The faculty was expanded clear up to five men with four student assistants and instead of having three calipers and an old hypsometer about ready to fall apart, and similar items of equipment that Daddy used to like to joke about in the early days, we got more and better. Up to this time, the Department had only two rooms for its use - one in West Hall, which was an old public school that had been condemned, the other on the top floor of Mason Hall, a part of the North Wing of old University Hall. In addition to those two rooms, we acquired two rooms on the top floor of the West Engineering Building - one a small room in which our library and other articles of equipment were kept. Another room on the ground floor of West Engineering was a laboratory for timber testing and for samples on which the boys could do growth study work. Then we had still another room in the basement of the old Economics Building for silvics and dendrology. So you see we expanded. Along with that we got more money for equipment and supplies. In 1915, we moved into our present quarters in the Natural Science Building. When we went in there and looked around, the first thing was, "How in the world are we ever going to use all this space?" But we managed to use it before a great while.

In the early days, opportunities for employment for foresters were not exactly plentiful, but Roth was always enthusiastic, always optimistic, and the particularly interesting thing was that he had unlimited faith in the resourcefulness of what he called the American Boy. "Give him the training and he'll find jobs," and they did. Those pep talks of his were something to remember.

These were given particularly at the fall Camp Fire and the spring Field Day. Everybody sat on the side hill back of the present location of the Cabin and listened to some real talk. Somewhere, sometime, he had cut himself a blue beech staff about 2 inches in diameter and about five feet long, and on these important occasions, camp fire, field day and field trips, he always had this blue beech stick with him. It was part of his equipment.

In 1905, of course, the situation changed very radically because the U. S. Forest Service was established with a great deal of publicity and a demand was created suddenly for great numbers of men trained in forestry. Now the enrollment in the department immediately began to climb. In 1903 there were 20 students in forestry. In 1910 there were over 200. "That's in how many classes?" "Mostly Juniors and Seniors and Graduate School." They still had the three-man faculty. It was this overwhelming number of students in relation to size of faculty, the inadequacy of quarters and equipment, and all the rest of it which caused Mulford to go to Cornell. It also almost brought about the resignation of Daddy Roth. For a time, the situation was just met with promises that were unfulfilled. Naturally the faculty got discouraged. An important addition was made to the physical plant, when Arthur Hill bought the land, which is now the Saginaw Forest, and presented it to the University for the use of the Forestry Department. The value of that to the department is very hard to estimate, but we know that it's great.

The first nursery was a little patch of ground at the extreme north end of that tract right against Aprill's Woods. A little knoll sits up there next to the fence. The watering system consisted of carrying a pail of water in each hand from the lake in the summer time when the weather got dry and the seedlings needed it. Sandy soil there. Later on, the Edison Company let us use a larger tract of land near Geddes which had the best nursery soil we've ever had. The area was adequate, everything was ideal, except the location. If we wanted to do an afternoon's work at that nursery, we took an interurban car which went to Detroit. It had to stop where it crossed that little branch of the New York Central on Packard Road, so we could hop off. We had to walk from there to the Edison land near the Huron River, then we had to walk back again in time to catch a car which would get us to Ann Arbor before dinner. Actual working time in the nursery about 2 hours. No good. In 1912, the Regents purchased four city lots for our nursery at the corner of State and Dewey, right across from Ferry Field. That was convenient, but the soil was poor. The water table was high, and at times there was upward percolation of water. We just couldn't get those seed beds dry to help control damping-off, which was not so well understood in those days. Besides being infected with damping-off, the soil was infested with larvae of June bugs, which caused heavy damage. We used that nursery until 1925, when we were transferred to the Botanical Gardens south of town, just off Packard. There we also had a soil that was absolutely unsuited to the growing of conifers, but somehow or other we managed to get some survival and some planting done again.

Another addition to our facilities was made in 1915, when the Eber White Woods was purchased by the Regents, because it was considered a good investment. This area was not for the exclusive

use of the Forestry Department but was open to any University Department that could use it to advantage. We made the most use of it. The zoologists liked it, because it had salamanders in one of the little ponds. The botanists, of course, used it to very good advantage for a lot of their field trips.

After the expansion of the faculty following Roth's decision to remain at Michigan, a number of new courses were added, but the list of courses in our old announcements just didn't compare at all with those that you have now in the School of Natural Resources. (I was amazed a few days ago as I was looking over that announcement, and wondered how many of those courses the boys would ever take while they were going through, and how many of them were actually given. At any rate it was quite a contrast.) Two distinct programs of study were offered. One led to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Forestry and the other one to Master of Science in Forestry. By that time, quite a number of other schools had started forestry departments, including our neighbor at East Lansing, and were offering forestry degrees at the end of four years of study. That complicated matters for us. We didn't like to break down the old tradition of being purely a graduate school. But there it was. So we finally proposed to offer a four-year program leading to a degree of Bachelor of Science. The faculty of the Literary College objected to this unless students of forestry met their requirements for the degree. This the foresters could not do and still secure the courses that were deemed necessary for an adequate training in forestry.

One of my pleasant memories is that of attending a meeting of the Literary faculty at which this matter was decided. Daddy Roth was there that night, the only meeting of a Literary faculty that I ever saw him attend. He was right out on the edge of his chair most of the time, his eyes snapping, waiting for a chance to get the floor and blast somebody, and he did it. Prexy Hutchins was presiding over the meeting. I don't know how that happened, but the Dean was demoted to the front row. Hutchins was a very able, dignified, and well-poised old gentleman. When at one point in the proceedings some smart boy got up and suggested that, if we couldn't conform to the requirements of the Literary College, we could go to Engineering or anywhere else where they would have us, Hutchins said, "Now gentlemen, there's no question of Forestry going any place. It will stay right where it is and you men must work out a solution." Then they got down to business and decided that we should be allowed to grant the degree of Bachelor of Science in Forestry upon completion of the requirements for the degree as specified by the Forestry faculty. When was that? Now, let me see, that must have been about 1914, because in the announcement for the year 1914-15 (this meeting was in the spring), there was a yellow slip which stated that with the beginning of the academic year, 1915-16, the degree of Bachelor of Science in Forestry would be granted after four years of study. That was when the degree actually came into being. I thought you might be interested in going behind the scenes and seeing how it started.

In addition to the work in instruction at the University, it was always a policy of the Department to work as closely as possible

with the other organizations in the state and with any official bodies that were working toward the same end, so that Daddy Roth, particularly, was very active in helping the activities of the old Forestry Commission. After that was abolished in 1909, the Public Domain Commission was organized and given wider powers in administering the State-owned lands. Regent Beal, who was our resident regent in Ann Arbor and also a very good supporter of the Forestry Department, was a member of the Public Domain Commission. That lasted until 1921, when the Act was passed which set up the Department of Conservation, as it is now constituted. Daddy Roth was a member of the Conservation Commission during 1921 and 1922. Other members of the forestry faculty, by means of lectures around the State and various publications, endeavored to inform the public about the situation and secure support for a program of rehabilitation for the millions of acres of cut-over, tax-reverted lands.

One most urgent need was to secure better control of fires. In 1927, a Michigan man, H. J. Andrews, was appointed as Chief Fire Warden in the Conservation Department. He built an organization that really began to get on top of the fires. The good work has continued with the result that fire losses are now only a small fraction of what they were, even in the early 1920's. Another major objective was to create State Forests from the tax delinquent lands and make them productive. Much progress has been made toward the attainment of this goal, as shown by the following facts taken from the most recent report of the Conservation Department. Number of State Forests-23. Area of State Forests-3,760,000 acres. Number of acres planted-313,329. Value of forest products sold in 1957-58-$709,761. Two organizations that were very effective in moulding public opinion and in aiding the passage of constructive forestry legislation were the Women's Clubs of the State and the Michigan Forestry Association. Professor Roth was one of the prime movers in the founding of the latter in 1905, and most of the public-spirited citizens of the State, who had a real interest in improving forest conditions, were members. After the Department of Conservation was organized and had time to get really started with its work, the need for such an association gradually declined, and it was finally liquidated.

Because of failing health, Daddy Roth was forced to retire at the end of the academic year 1923. This created another crisis. Now the question was whether forestry would be dropped from the University, or continued along much the same lines that it had been, or really expanded and made into something worthwhile. The status of the Department was absolutely uncertain for several years. Fortunately, the final decision was to expand. So a School of Forestry and Conservation was established with Samuel T. Dana as the new Dean. That was in 1927, almost four years after Roth's death. Because of the able guidance of Dean Dana, the School of Forestry and Conservation has been developed into the present School of Natural Resources and has reached a degree of excellence such that the Society of American Foresters has selected it as one of the four distinguished schools of forestry in the United States. Right there we can say that the first act is ended.

ANN ARBOR'S BEST SELLER - DR. CHASE'S RECIPE BOOK*

A paper delivered before the Society at its April meeting, 1960, by Lela Duff.

Every now and then, whether by coincidence or telepathy, there occurs in Ann Arbor -- and in other places too, I suppose,-- a flurry of interest in some subject of the town's history, the awareness of which has long been dormant. Such has recently been the case with Dr. Chase's Recipe Books. A few months ago, when I was jotting down possible subjects for my proposed column, I vaguely included Dr. Chase in my list. Shortly afterward, when I was visiting my home town upstate, at an afternoon party my hostess said, apropos of nothing, "By the way, have you ever seen a copy of that old Chase book?" and took one down from her shelves, the first I had ever seen. A few weeks later I was told that the book was to be the subject of a program of the Historical Society. Then I heard from several people that Mrs. Drury had given a fascinating talk on the old doctor at her book club. It was from this source that the enthusiasm spread. Mrs. Drury was invited to repeat her talk for the Historical Society but found it inconvenient to do so at this time, and I was fixed upon as a poor substitute.

There are undoubtedly various people present who are better fitted to give this talk than I, for you have been familiar with the Chase books and their story all your lives, while I have had to depend on a 10-days' concentrated search.

For the biographical data I am largely indebted to a lively article by a Grand Rapids couple, Fred and Marjorie Kerwin, published in the Quarterly Review of the Michigan Alumnus, Autumn, 1955, supplemented by the 1881 History of Washtenaw County and the prefaces of the various editions, of which there are two long shelvesful in the Michigan Historical Collections.

Alvin Wood Chase was born on a farm in New York state, in 1817. At the age of eleven he moved with his parents to another farm near the little town of Buffalo, N. Y. He received his early education in the customary little log school. In his middle teens he struck out for himself as a peddler, focusing on the territory near the mouth of the Maumee River afterward called Toledo. He was in Detroit in 1832 at the time of the epidemic of Asiatic Cholera, during which he developed no symptoms. He became interested in "recipes" at this time when he learned that one Mrs. Merritt Blakely misread directions and gave her husband one cup of laudanum instead of one teaspoonful, and it cured him!

As he peddled household drugs and groceries in the sparsely settled frontier, he began picking miscellaneous recipes that appealed to him, buying and selling and trading them. In 1841 he married an Ohio girl, Martha Shutts, who became his loyal and long-suffering partner, as he often used his own family as guinea pigs to try out likely new recipes.

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* A much abridged version of this paper was published later in my Ann Arbor News column, "Ann Arbor Yesterdays." L. D.

Eventually he had a few sheets printed for sale to anyone interested. These were added to from time to time. He gave the readers a feeling that he was deeply concerned with their welfare, often attacking unprincipled persons who sold recipes just to make money. "The author's object," he states in one of his prefaces, "is as much for the good of the community as to support and educate his family."

After many wanderings, he settled in Ann Arbor in 1856. Here he attended medical lectures at the University as a "partialist," still supporting his family by selling recipes. Since he had no background of Latin or natural history, he could not become a candidate for a degree at the University. In 1858 he enrolled at the Eclectic Medical Institute in Cincinnati. He was given an M.D. degree after 16 weeks of hard study, reading 16 hours a day. This short route to becoming a physician was not thought unusual in this part of the world at that time.

Ten years after becoming a Doctor of Medicine, Dr. Chase had become the most widely known and admired and consulted physician of his time; from Iowa to New York, in Canada, New Zealand, and South Africa. His book had been translated into Dutch, German and Norwegian.

In 1864 he built Dr. Chase's Steam Printing Plant on the corner of North Main Street and Miller, then called West Catherine, where it still stands. It became the largest printing plant of its kind in America. He quieted opposition from the University by using a picture of the campus as his frontispiece and advertising the University's low tuition fees and attractive courses. He traveled widely in the United States and Canada, peddling his book and prescribing and practising medicine as he went. He is said to have delivered over 3,000 babies and never lost a mother. What happened to the babies is not recorded.

On a canal boat in Pennsylvania, the cook was taken with a violent pain in the stomach. Dr. Chase ran through the limited number of medicines he had with him and finally settled on a "tooth cordial" designed to be rubbed on the gums for toothache. He administered one teaspoonful in a glass of water to the suffering woman. When this had no effect, he repeated the dose, and the pain subsided. The "cordial" contained laudanum, alcohol, chloroform, camphor, sulphuric ether, clove and lavender. The cook's husband, the steersman, and the mule driver promptly each bought a book.

Dr. Chase tried out remedies on himself and his family and then wrote up the experience in a chatty style. One night he was seized with a sharp attack of pleurisy. He awakened his wife and asked her to bring a heavy comforter, a saucer, and the alcohol. He set the saucer full of burning alcohol on the floor under a chair, sat down on the chair, and wrapped himself in the quilt, tent fashion. By the time the alcohol was burned out, he had broken into a fine sweat. He popped back into bed and by morning was a well man. In the wood cut illustrating this process, he is pictured with his feet in a bucket -- of hot water, I suppose --

and a basin of hot water on his knees to warm his hands.

We must remember that Dr. Chase came just before the development of modern medicine. Doctors leaned heavily on blood-letting, mercurial poisoning with calomel, and, for relief of pain -- whisky. Grandmother's folklore, Indian herbs, etc., were often more successful than the physician's strong drugs. When, in the 1870's, Virchow, Lister, Pasteur, and Koch were presenting revolutionary discoveries and theories, medical science had to discard the old and begin all over again. The people were bewildered. So Dr. Chase's recipes with their mixture of common sense and folklore bridged the gap.

In those days his customers were not too shocked to find a recipe for Toad Ointment ("Put four good-sized live toads in boiling water and cook very soft!") or to read that one ingredient of a cancer cure was a thousand-legged worm, dried and pulverized.

But it was not only medical advice that sold Dr. Chase's books. The title page of the first book claims that it contains "Information for Everybody, for Business and Professional Men, Mechanics, Artists, Farmers, and for Families Generally." "... Not a man or woman in the whole extent of our great country," it says, "but who would derive much benefit from the purchase of this small book."

You can find there "How to keep eggs fresh from one to five years," how to make ink, boot grease, mustache dye "that will not crock or turn red," how to make cider without apples, catsup, vinegar, wines, and soap, and how to keep steam-boat boilers from exploding. Two ways are given to make ice-cream, one very rich and luscious, the other very cheap. There is a secret art of catching fish: a certain mixture sprinkled on the water intoxicates the fish and makes them turn up on the surface. You merely scoop them out and drop them in a tub of fresh water to sober up -- after which you allow them to die a natural death. There are seven rules to detect counterfeit money. There is an abridged method of computing interest.

In 1859 appeared the little Sixth Edition of 57 pages, the first between boards I understand, before which 7,000 copies had already been sold. In this little volume he introduces coloring for the first time, having obtained his recipes "from O.W. Oviatt of Battle Creek, for 20 years a manufacturer of cloths."

In 1860 comes the Eighth Edition, "Revised, Illustrated, and Enlarged." It runs to 224 pages, and by then 13,000 books have been sold, "reaching every state in the Union and the Canadas." The wording of the preface has a modern ring: "The only certainty nowadays of having a good article is to make it yourself!"

He explains how peaches, lemons, oranges, and tomatoes can be kept in their natural state by a coating of rosin, lard, tallow, and beeswax, which can be cracked off whenever the fruit is to be used. Also how one can make vinegar in three days without drugs by filling the lower part of an ingeniously constructed tub with shavings of beech, maple, or basswood. It takes three pages of fine print to describe this wonder.

This Eighth Edition is organized into "Departments:"

Merchants and Grocers
Saloon
Medical
Boot, Shoe, Harness Makers and Tanners
Painters
Blacksmiths
Tinners
Gunsmithing
Farriers
Cabinet Makers
Barbers
Bakers and Cooking
Domestic or Miscellaneous
and Coloring

The Medical Department constitutes almost one third of the book, which makes it longer than the entire book of the Sixth Edition. The author discusses diseases more fully, explaining the principle on which the treatment is based.

The Farriers Department has to do with the treatment of horses and other animals, and obviously represents a time before veterinary medicine was put on a scientific basis.

In the Miscellaneous Department I noticed a recipe for "milk paint," a forerunner of the casein based paints so popular today.

Four years later, in 1864, comes the most famous edition of this first book, the Tenth, which remained practically unchanged although each new printing was numbered as a new edition, running up into the 50ths, and selling about a half million copies before Dr. Chase sold the rights of publication in 1869, and well over a million more under the next owner. It was a bigger book, of 384 pages, 71% larger than the 8th edition, and appeared in many forms, paper back, cloth back, and leather, and in a German edition which included recipes for German foods, and in a Canadian edition.

It was prefaced by testimonials of many Ann Arbor notables, including the Hon. Alpheus Felch, professors, ministers, Eberbach and Co., the Press, and also strangers whom Dr. Chase had never met. On the title page the author now calls himself "Practical Therapeutist." It presents Dr. Chase's picture, the face of a good man, dignified and bearded, alert and kindly. It also shows the big brick building in its first stage and then again in later printings when it was tripled in size.

This splendid edition contains some odd new prescriptions. Laryngitis has been cured in many cases, it suggests, by smoking dried mullein leaves in a pipe not having been used for tobacco. Mixed dried mullein with tobacco, increasing the mullein gradually up to three fourths, is also recommended as satisfying the desire for tobacco and lessening the deleterious effects.

A new idea is suggested to prevent pitting of the face in small pox. Since the disease first attacks any previously irritated or broken part of the skin, the chest should be rubbed vigorously

with Croton Oil and Tartaremetic Ointment. This causes the whole of the eruption to appear on the part thus rubbed, to the relief of the other parts. It also prevents the disease from attacking the inner organs!

In the Domestic Department we are told how to make coffee out of ¼ coffee and 3/4 rye. Wash the rye, then brown it in a skillet, "each grain separately." "The drink made therefrom will be more healthy, better flavored, and 1/4 the expense." He apparently assumes that someone will make us a present of the rye.

The Miscellaneous Department includes wholesome advice to young men out of work, Grammar in Rhyme, Interest Tables, and a glossary of medical terms.

The 1860's represent the height of Dr. Chase's personal success. He became a ready philanthropist. He even offered to build a new city hall for Ann Arbor. He erected the most impressive family monument in Forest Hills Cemetery. At the dedication of his enlarged building in 1868 he gave a great banquet for 400 guests. It was said that the delicacies provided would have served a thousand. Dr. Haven, President of the University, made a congratulatory speech. The mayor also spoke, and other celebrities from far and near.

During this period, his wealth was pouring in from four sources: the sale of his book; a highly lucrative practice, conducted largely by mail; the newspaper he published, called the "Peninsular Courier and Family Visitant"; and job printing.

But he began to feel the strain of all this activity. Although only 52, he called himself "the Old Doctor," and began to feel premonitions of death.

While in this morbid state he sold out all his Ann Arbor interests to Mr. Rice A. Beal, a retired gentleman who had accumulated "a competency" through various business projects in Dexter. These he sold when he moved to Ann Arbor in 1865. The Ann Arbor City Directory for 1868 shows Mr. Beal residing at "21 So. 5th, cor. William" while he is reigning in all his glory at his huge new business block and living just back of it at "4 Catherine St., West."

It was the following year in which the doctor sold to Beal. "Lock, Stock, and Barrel" is too mild an expression to describe the completeness of the sale. It included his printing house, his published "Recipes," his newspaper, job printing, all rights, his good will, his residence, his name. He agreed not to go into the recipe business again in the state of Michigan. He sold Beal his gray horse, carriage, cutter, buffalo robe, harness, bridle, and harness bells. It is my guess that along with these swanky items of driving equipment went the distinctive horse block in the shape of a book that we all remember, and that Mr. Beal promptly moved it from its original position in the neighborhood of North Main and West Catherine to his own residence at Fifth and William.

Dr. Chase then moved to Sauk Rapids, Minnesota, and took possession of the Russell House there, which he received in the arrangement with Beal. Relieved of his Ann Arbor responsibilities, he soon regained his health and vigor and began working on a new and different recipe book.

In the meantime, Beal was piling up new record sales for the old book. Some way or other the rejuvenated doctor got in touch with a group of Ann Arbor men who persuaded him (or agreed with him, I don't know which) that the promise to Beal never to publish recipes in Michigan during Beal's lifetime was not valid. He came back to Ann Arbor and with these men established a new printing company of which he was the first president. In December, 1872, they began issuing their newspaper, the Ann Arbor Register, and in 1873 they launched his second book, called "Dr. Chase's Family Physician, Farrier, Beekeeper, and Second Book of Recipes."

Beal immediately got out an injunction against the company and won his suit. Chase and his backers moved their business to Toledo, where the new book was soon making tremendous sales. The partners in the meantime had bought out Dr. Chase's interest in the company and appealed to the Supreme Court, which eventually set aside the injunction. In the complicated train of events, Chase lost out and was living in impoverished circumstances in Toledo while both his books continued to sell and sell.

His life was further saddened in 1880 by the death of his wife. During his last years he patiently got together a third book, "Dr. Chase's Last and Complete Receipt Book and Household Physician." He was unable to find financial backing for its publication before his death from pneumonia in 1885 at the age of 68. First buried in Elmwood Cemetery, Detroit, he was re-interred on May 5th beside his wife in Forest Hills, Ann Arbor, where are also buried the five children who preceded them in death.

Three months later, a publisher put out his Third book as a Memorial Edition. Like the other two, it had phenomenal sales. For years the sales of Chase's books were second only to those of the Bible. The 60 Beal editions of the first book had sold over a million copies by 1900. Three firms were publishing the second book simultaneously before Dr. Chase's death and by that time the Toledo firm alone had sold over 80,000 copies. "Psychological" salesmanship boosted the third book. In 1931 all editions were combined and modernized. It is estimated that total sales of all the books amounted to more than four million copies.

In his second and third books Dr. Chase gave more time and space to analysis of the various ailments. He says in his prefaces that this policy is in reply to a demand from the people for more detail and explanatory matter. He accuses physicians of being too secretive, and he boldly declares that the nurse is more important than the physician.

In the second book he discards the arrangement by departments and introduces all recipes of whatever nature in strictly alphabetical order, with a more detailed index. To the reader casually

leafing through the book, this gives a rather scatter-brained effect. Thus on the same page with two mouth-watering recipes for "Floating Island," I found "Fly Paper," "Foot Rot in Sheep," and "Freckles, to Remove."

The books become progressively more bulky, the second running to 644 pages and the third to 865. This is partly achieved by the introduction of whole new areas, such as bee keeping and horse training. The later Beal editions follow suit with similar new departments not written by Chase, such as "Hints upon Etiquette," and "Indoor Games."

So far as I have been able to discover, in neither of his later books did Dr. Chase even mention the new and revolutionary germ theory. He plainly states that the cause of all disease is decomposition of animal or vegetable matter. From this decomposed material rises a miasma or effluvium which permeates the night air, especially night air or damp air, he warns, and which when breathed in may eventually reach the blood stream and poison the system. Decomposition might also originate in one's own system, caused by a general run down condition, in which it would be likely to poison the blood and cause typhoid.

Malaria, he says, is caused by decaying vegetable matter, in swamps, etc., the miasma from which especially interfuses night air.

Consumption, he declares in book three, results from defective nutrition, and is caused by fermentation in the stomach. One of the early symptoms is said to be a rumbling in the stomach. If taken early, consumption has been known to be cured by drinking a pint of hot water one hour before meals and confining the diet to tender beef and stale bread. He adds that a change of climate to a high and dry region where there are pine trees is sometimes helpful, though he does not explain how that can affect the rumbling in the stomach.

Absurd as these theories seem to us now, people were willing to accept them long after they had heard of microbes because they felt a personal confidence in Dr. Chase. In his last preface he quotes one of the many letters from people he has never seen to that effect: "When I am consulting Dr. Chase's books," this woman writes, "it seems as if I were personally consulting him, and that he is a friend."

In Ann Arbor he continued to be highly respected as a sincere and altruistic person. For the Memorial Edition a warm tribute over three pages long was written by Lorenzo Davis, as secretary of the Washtenaw County Pioneer Society.

You may be surprised to hear that Dr. Chase's recipes are still going strong. In Canada, the Dr. A.W. Chase Madicine Co. sends medicines to the West Indies and Central and South America, according to the Kerwin article. I myself was able to buy a copy of "Information for Everybody" at Wahr's Bookstore last week. And Mrs. Drury was able this winter to purchase yarn from Oxford, England, which was advertised as having been dyed with Dr. A.W. Chase's Recipes: 'Coloring Department,' Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1863.

MEMORIES - ANN ARBOR NEAR THE TURN OF THE CENTURY

A paper read by our Secretary, Katherine S. Groomes, on "Ann Arbor Day" at the Detroit Historical Museum, May 5, 1960.

By all the laws of modern psychology I should have been a Juvenile Delinquent, as I lived all my life until my marriage in 1915 one-half block east of Main Street, and one block south of the Court House on E. Washington Street in the heart of old Ann Arbor. A God-fearing mother and father, judicious punishment applied in the right place and at the right time, and regular weekly attendance at Sunday School from the age of three made of me, and in fact all of our parents' five children, respected citizens of Ann Arbor.

About 1875 our parents bought 1½ city lots - 33 x 132' as surveyed by J. B. Davis of the U of M in the original plat of the village of Ann Arbor. We had a beautiful locust tree and a large grape arbor in the side yard, and my father had a fine garden in back. I still remember the borders of portulaca around his vegetable beds, and a row of dahlias, a far cry from the exotic blossoms of today - stood like sentinels guarding the line where our yard joined the alley. A large cistern supplied plenty of water, but for drinking purposes we carried water for a family of 7 from Weinman's Corner of 5th Ave. and Washington St. where Fisher's Hardware store is now located. We paid $1.00 a year for the maintenance of the pump.

There were no paved streets in those days. The sidewalks were made of planks, and when one had to be replaced we stood wide-eyed wondering what treasures had fallen thru the cracks. The gutters were paved with cobblestones and after a heavy rain, we took off our shoes and stockings and waded in the sparkling water as it hurried down Washington Street on its way to Allen's Creek.

Our home was a little brown frame house, one of the earliest built in Ann Arbor. There were no nails used in its construction - only wooden pegs. It had a dormer window which extended into the branches of our loved locust tree. We knew nothing of bottled perfume, but nothing could rival the exquisite odor of those waxy white blossoms.

Before I was born our parents erected a two storey brick building in front of our house. The first floor was rented to various merchants. Upstairs we had a parlor, three bedrooms and a large clothes closet. Our dining room, kitchen, pantry and two bedrooms and a storeroom were located in the frame house.

When I was about eight yrs. old, our frame house made way for a large brick addition, and our entire home was then located on the second floor; our garden no longer flourished because surrounding buildings cut off the sunshine. City water became available and we had running water in the kitchen and we had a bathroom. Our tub was of metal, boxed in with wood. We had a marble wash bowl, and wonder of wonders, a toilet. My schoolmates often came home from school with me just so they could flush the toilet. This had a wooden tank near the ceiling which filled with water and was released by pulling a long chain. I was the envy of all who lived away from the center of town and still had toilet facilities "out back".

Ann Arbor was quite a different place then. To the east of us on the corner of 4th Avenue was Jim Robinson's livery stable. We delighted to pat the soft noses of the horses as they stuck their heads thru their stall windows. Later Robinson's moved to the present location of Johnson's, next to the Wolverine Bldg. Next to us on the west was a white brick meat market with a porch across the front.

West of the alley was a three story brick building razed last year to make way for the State Savings addition.

Eberbach's Hdwe. entirely encircled the tiny State Savings Bank and had entrances on Main and Washington. When the bank built their first addition they rented our store and we were the proudest children in Ann Arbor because we had most of the money in Ann Arbor under our wing, so to speak.

The east side of Main Street was of little interest to me except for Adam's Bazaar. Many a cracked cup or a bit of broken china, flower decorated, became a treasure in our playhouse. Goodrich's millinery store was another fairyland. Discarded hats, roses and ribbons were given to us for playthings and "Frederick" cannot be prouder of his creations than I was over the productions I concocted.

The west side of the 100 block on Main Street was a place of intense interest. Next to the Dry Goods store, now B.E. Muehlig's, came Allaby's. A three-foot-high black boot made of wood, proclaimed to the world that boots and shoes were sold here. Half way down in the block Eberbach's Drug Store lured us thru the front door to stand enthralled by a glass tank filled with tiny fishes.

But the most wonderful building on Main Street was the Court House with Justice, the clock, the bell, and the four small towers and the bell tower topped at times by an American flag. Long corridors ran from east to west and from north to south. At one time a Democratic candidate for president (I am sure he was a Democrat because Martin J. Cavanaugh stood beside him) visited Ann Arbor. He stood where the two corridors crossed under a canopy of yellow and blue bunting. I had heard my elders speak of the reception and decided to see things for myself. I was to speak in church the next day. Mother thought to beautify her child by putting up my hair in rags so I would have curls for the occasion. In spite of the rags, I sneaked away to join the long lines to shake the hand of the honored guest. When I reached the distinguished gentleman he said to Mr. Cavanaugh, "And who may this little lady be?" Mr. C. said, "Why, that's little Katie Steeb." Can you imagine my joy at being so singularly noticed? And I was only six years old!

Another place that played an important role in my life was Mrs. Rentschler's millinery store - a tiny frame house on the S.W. corner of Washington and 4th Ave. There were few trimmed hats in those days. Ladies tried on various shapes and sizes until they found one to their liking and then it was trimmed to suit their taste. When I was about eight years old, Mrs. Rentschler hired me to come in after the store closed every night and sort out the different shapes and arrange them according to size - the largest on the bottom, the smallest on top. For this task, I received 10 cents a week - not to spend for myself but to take home to mother to be added to the family funds for household expenses.

I must tell you about the woodyard at Washington and Fourth where huge barbecues were held at election time. And another thrill was the life-sized wooden horse which stood in front of Teufel's harness store in the 200 block on the east side of Main St. This dappled grey horse was petted by every child lucky enough to pass his way.

The Cook House on the S.W. corner of Huron and 4th was rebuilt and became the Allenel. Their kitchens were just east of our property line and many a piece of cake or dish of ice cream found its way over the back fence into the eager hands of the little children next door.

Yes, there were many interesting experiences in our lives. While the early days of the pioneers were filled with hardships, by 1890, Ann Arbor was well on its way to becoming a beautiful little town. Comfortable houses lined streets shaded by stately trees, and flowers and shrubs made it a lovely spot. Visitors were proudly escorted to our 40-acre campus. The world's best music and lectures came to University Hall. Sunday afternoons were often spent in the Art Gallery and for an extra thrill there was always the Whispering Gallery under the eaves of the circular library building in the center of the campus. There were enough students to make the lives of young people interesting, but the line between "Town and Gown" was clearly drawn.

We had no gymnasiums, swimming pools, golf links or tennis courts. We got our exercise by walking to school or to work, and a Sunday afternoon stroll around the Boulevard or a brisk walk to Ypsilanti kept young bodies in trim. Boys were always available to mow lawns, shovel snow or run errands, and a dime was real money. When the silent movies came, admission was only 5¢. High school boys and girls had hayrides or sleighing parties to Whitmore Lake, followed by a dance or an oyster supper at the Lake House, well chaperoned by their favorite teachers. There were no parks. Every home had a fair sized yard and mother was the unpaid supervisor and referee of fights. There were no juvenile delinquents, no murders, few robberies. Our major crime was petty theft. Our jail was not crowded but there were quite a few saloons, so its inmates were frequently those who had celebrated "not wisely but too well."

There was a small business district on State Street. The downtown area had the Court House with its magnificent trees, an imposing post office and enough stores to furnish employment for those that needed work. Carriages drawn by beautiful horses graced our unpaved streets, and Beal's even had a coachman, a colored gentleman named Andrew Jackson. Life was beautiful and peaceful.

World War I brought radical changes. More students came to the University and the campus could no longer hold them all. Around its borders houses were torn down or moved away (and the property removed from A.A. city tax rolls). Huge buildings took their places. Automobiles replaced carriages and hitching posts, and fountains to water the horses disappeared. The auto brought traffic lights, traffic problems and traffic accidents, parking meters, parking lots, and parking problems.

In the old days the ringing of the fire bell caused the doors to burst open and small boys - and some not so small - hopped on bikes and sped after the fire horses. Now no horse drawn vehicle responds to an alarm but fiery red trucks preceded by a screaming equally red Chief's car rush madly down the street. No one can keep up with them so that the fire is out before anyone gets there.

Whereas a half dozen blue coats formerly patrolled our streets day and night, now swarms of patrol cars with wide open sirens, or puffy, smelly motor cycles rush hither and thither.

Factories sprang up in our midst, bringing with them people with strange sounding names. Our downtown has exploded and outlying shopping districts sprang up like mushrooms.

World War II brought more changes, more students, more dorms, and wooden stairways bristle on many houses to the east and south. North Campus has been developed. Airplanes fly overhead and one Detroit industrialist who lives in the Ann Arbor area flies back and forth in a helicopter. Our larger houses have been turned into

multiple dwellings and there are now so many apartments, no one knows his neighbor.

Subdivisions galore have been created with gaunt, ugly buildings row after row alike. God does not grow a tree overnight so there is no shade from the burning sun in summer and no lacy branches to veil the gloomy leaden skies in winter.

Our super highways have added to our troubles. Speed mad motorists endanger life and limbs. Hoodlums from other areas have easy access to our city and our jail is crowded with criminals including teen-aged boy murderers, and naughty girls are no rarity.

Progress has changed our beautiful, peaceful city into a noisy, raucous beehive, and many who can afford to do so, are moving to rural areas where they can recapture some of the charm that was Ann Arbor's at the turn of the century.

However, the history of Ann Arbor in these space years is not unique, and many other towns have met a like fate. Such as it is, we who were born here, and lived out our days here, still love Ann Arbor and feel it is a good place to live, and we are very proud of it.